HORATIUS:

A ROMAN

TRAGEDIE.

BY

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KNIGHT.

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The ACTORS.

TULLUS — *King of Rome.*

The old HORATIUS — *A Roman Knight.*

HORATIUS — *his Son.*

CURIATIUS — *A Gentleman of Alba, Lover of* Camilla.

VALERIUS — *A Roman Knight, in love with* Camilla.

SABINA — *Wife to* Horatius, *and Siſter to* Curiatius.

CAMILLA — *Miſtreſſe to* Curiatius, *and Siſter to* Horatius.

JULIA — *A Roman Lady, friend to* Sabina *and* Camilla.

FLAVIAN — *A Souldier in the Army of Alba.*

PROCULUS. — *A Souldier in the Army of Rome.*

The Scene is at *Rome*, in a Hall of *Horatius* houſe.

HORATIUS:
A
ROMANE TRAGEDIE.

ACTUS *Primus*, SCENA *Prima*.

Sabina Julia.

Sabina. APprove my weakneſs, and ſuffer my griefe,
It is but too juſt in ſo great a miſery;
ſuch ſtorms as theſe ready to powr upon them,
will ſhake the ſtouteſt courages; the leaſt
dejected maſc'line Spirit without diſorder
can't exerciſe its Vertue; although mine
receive amazement at theſe rude alarmes,
the trouble of my heart can nothing worke
upon my teares, and amongſt all the ſighs
it ſend's to Heaven, my conſtancy raignes ſtill
over mine eyes. When one doth ſtop the courſe
of the Souls ſadneſs and affliction,
though it be leſs then man, 'tis more then woman:
in this extremity to command teares,
is to ſhew ſtrength enough in our weake ſex.

Julia. Enough, and too much for a common Soul,
that from the meaneſt danger doth expect

but one misfortune; a great heart doth ſcorne
ſuch an abaſement, it deſpaires of nothing,
though in occurrents doubtful; the two armies
ſtand in battalia before our walls;
but *Rome* knows not yet how to loſe a field,
we need not fear her, rather let s applaud her;
ſince ſhe goes forth to fight, ſhe goes to conquer:
then baniſh, baniſh quite ſo vaine a fear,
and conceive brave deſires worthy a *Romane*.

Sabina. I am a *Romane*, ſince my Hushands is ſo,
marriage makes me embrace *Romes* intereſt;
but it ſhould hold my heart like a chain'd ſlave,
if it did make me to forget the place
where I was born. *Alba*, where I began
to breath my firſt aire, *Alba*, my deare Country,
and my firſt love, when between us and thee
I ſee the war commenc'd, I feare our Victory
as much as our deſtruction. *Rome*, if thou
complain'ſt that I am partial herein,
fix upon enemies that I may hate:
When I ſee drawn up 'fore thy walls both Armies,
my three brave Brothers in the one, and my
undaunted Husband in the other, can I
pray for thee, and without impiety
importune Heaven for thy felicity?
I know thy State, yet in its infancy,
cannot without war fix its puiſſance:
I know it muſt grow great, and that thy deſtinies
will not at home be bounded with the Latins;
I know the Gods have promiſed to thee
the Empire of the Earth and that thou can'ſt not
See th' effect of it, but by the war:
ſo far am I from off'ring to oppoſe
this thirſt of Glory, which obeyes ſo readily
the Gods decrees, and poſteth to thy greatneſs,
that I would ſee thy Crowned Troops already
paſs the *Pyrenees*, carry thy battalions
into the *Eaſt*, plaint thy Pavillions

upon

upon the banks of *Rhine*, make the proud columns
of *Hercules* to ſhake under thy feet:
But love a town to whom thou oweſt *Romulus*:
Ingratful, know that from her Kings rich blood
thou tak'ſt thy name, thy walls, and thy firſt laws:
Alba is thy original; ſtay, and wiſely
conſider that thou carryeſt the ſword
into thy Mothers boſome; turn elſewhere
the force of thy triumphant armes: her joy
will breake forth in her childrens happineſs;
and overcome with a maternal love,
her prayers will be for thee, if thou art not
againſt her.

Julia. This diſcourſe ſurpriſeth me,
ſince from the time that we firſt arm'd againſt
her people, I have ſeen ſo much indifference
in you for her, as if you had been born
within our walls: I admired in you
the vertue that reduc'd your deareſt intereſts
unto your husbands, and did pity you
in the mid'ſt of your plaints, as if our *Rome*
had cauſed all your fears.

Sabina. Whil'ſt they encountered
but in light skirmiſhes, not ſtrong enough
to caſt each other down; whil'ſt a glad hope
of peace flatter'd my trouble, it is true,
I tooke a vanity to be all *Romane*:
if I ſaw *Rome* prevail, with ſome regret
I ſuddenly condemn'd this ſecret motion;
again, if I reſented in her contrary
ſucceſs any malignant joy in favour
of my three brothers, ſuddenly to ſmother it,
calling my reaſon to me, I lamented
when Glory entered into their houſe.
But now alas! that one of them muſt fall,
that *Alba* become ſlave, or that *Rome* ſinke,
and that after the battel there remaine
no obſtacle more to the conquerours,

nor hope unto the conquered, I ſhould
ſhew an unnatural hate unto my Country,
if I could be all *Romane* yet, and ſhould
ask of the Gods your triumph, at the price
of ſo much blood which is ſo precious to me.
I tye me not ſo ſtrictly to the intereſt
of a man, that I ſhould forget my Country:
I'm not for *Alba* nor am I for *Rome*;
I am afraid for one, and for the other,
in this laſt conflict, and muſt be of that ſide
which fortune ſhall afflict; indifferent
to both untill the Victory, I will
participate the ils without aſſuming
any thing of the glory, and will keep
my tears in ſtore for the conquered party,
and my hate for the conquerours.

Julia. How often
we ſee ſuch traverſes as theſe ariſe,
in diverſe ſpirits diverſe paſſions!
In this *Camilla* acts clean contrary;
her brother is your Husband; yours, her Lover;
but ſhe ſees with an eye far different
from yours; her blood in one camp, and her Love
in th' other; when you did conſerve a ſpirit
all *Romane*, hers irreſolute and fearful,
incertain, fear'd the ſtorm of the leaſt mixture,
of either party hated the advantage,
to the misfortune of the vanquiſhed
ſtill gave her plaints, and ſo ſhe nouriſhed
eternal griefes; but yeſterday when ſhe
underſtood that the Armies did advance
reſolved to joyn battaile, on her brow
a ſudden joy appear'd.

Sabina. Oh *Julia*, how I fear ſo quick a change!
Yeſterday in her faire and pleaſant humour
ſhe entertain'd *Valerius*; without doubt
ſhe quits my brother for this happy rival;
her ſpirit ſhaken by the preſent objects

finds

finds nothing amiable in an abſent one
after two yeers. But pray excuſe the heat
of a fraternal love; the care I have
of him, doth make me fear all things from her;
I frame ſuſpitions from too light a ſubject,
The day of battel is unfit to change,
with a new dart few hearts are wounded then,
in ſo great trouble one hath other thoughts:
But who can have ſuch pleaſant entertainments,
and ſuch contentments as may equall hers?

Julia. The cauſes are as obſcure unto me
as unto you, I can't be ſatisfied
by any thought, any conjecture on't;
'tis conſtancy enough in ſo great danger,
to ſee it, to attend it without griefe;
but ſurely 'tis too much t'expreſſe it further
even unto joy.

Sabina. See how a gentle Genius
hath fitly ſent her to us! Try to make her
diſcourſe upon this point, ſhe loveth you
too well to conceal any thing from you:
I leave you, *Julia*, entertain my Siſter.
I am aſham'd to ſhew ſo much of melancholy,
and my heart burthened with a thouſand fears,
ſeeks ſolitude to hide its ſighs and tears.

SCENA. II.

Camilla, Julia.

Camilla. Why flyes ſhe, and would have me entertain you?
thinks ſhe that my grief's leſs then hers, and that
as more inſenſible of ſuch misfortunes,
I ſhould mix leſs plaints with my ſad diſcourſe?
My ſoul's affrighted with the ſame alarmes.
I ſhall loſe in the one and th'other army
aſwell as ſhe; I ſhall behold my Lover,
nay more, my onely Joy die for his Country,

or.

or ruine mine; and this dear object of
my love become for my afflicting punishment,
or worthy of my teares, or of my hate.
Alas!

Julia. Yet she is more to be lamented
then you: one may change Lover, but not Husband;
leave *Curiacius*, and receive *Valerius*,
so shall you fear no more for th' adverse party,
so shall you be all ours, and your spirit
released of it's trouble, shall have nothing
to lose more in the camp of th' Enemy.

Camilla Give me advises that may be more lawful,
and, without proposition of crimes,
wail my misfortunes; although I can scarce
resist my evils, yet I would rather suffer,
then merit them.

Julia. How, Madame! do you call
a fair and reasonable change a crime?

Camilla. What? think you that the breach of faith is pardonable?

Julia. Towards an enemy what should oblige you?

Camilla. Who can absolve us from a Solemn vow?

Julia. 'Tis to no purpose to disguise a thing
that is so cleare: I saw you yesterday
receive *Valerius* court-ship, and the favour
which he receiv'd from you, gives him encouragement
to nourish a sweet hope.

Camilla. If yesterday
I entertain'd him with a pleasing countenance,
think nothing on't but to his disadvantage;
of my content another was the object.
But to remove your error, know the cause on't;
I look on *Curiacius* with an amity
too pure to suffer my self longer to be
thought perjur'd. About five or six months after
my Brother marryed his Sister (*Julia*
you know it) he obtained of my Father
that I should be his Wife. This day was prosperous
and fatal to us both at once, uniting

our

our houſes, it did diſunite our Kings;
our marriage and the war were both concluded
at the ſame inſtant, our hope as ſoon dead
as born, all promiſes loſt aſſoon as made:
Oh how extreme then were our miſeries!
how many blaſphemies did *Curiacius*
Vomit forth againſt Heaven? how many Rivers
flow'd from mine eyes? I need not tell it you,
you ſaw our farwels; you have ſince beheld
the troubles of my ſoul, you know what prayers
my flame hath made for peace, and what ſad plaints
at every encounter I have uttered,
as fate diſpos'd it; ſometime for my Country,
and ſometime for my Lover: my diſpaire
at laſt conſtrained me to have recourſe
Unto the Oracles. Hearken unto
the voyce that yeſterday they gave unto me,
and give me your opinion, whether I
have reaſon thereupon to reaſſure
my diſmay'd ſpirit. That Greek ſo much renown'd,
who for ſo many yeers foretold our deſtinies
at the foot of *Aventine*, he I mean,
that inſpir'd by *Apollo* ne'r ſpake falſe,
doth promiſe in theſe verſes a quick end
Unto my travels.

The Oracle.

Thy prayers are heard, Alba *and* Rome *ſhall be*
to morrow in a faire confaderacy,
and thou with Curiacius *ſhalt be joyn'd*
never to part, ſo have the Gods enjoyn'd.

She continues.

Upon this Oracle I ground a firme
beliefe, and as the ſucceſſe paſs'd may hope,
I gave my ſoul over to raviſhments,
which paſs'd the tranſports of the happieſt Lovers:
Judge you of their exceſs. I met *Valerius*,
and he could not, as he was wont, diſpleaſe me,
he ſpake to me of Love without my trouble;

I perceiv'd not that I diſcours'd with him,
I could not ſhew him coldneſs, nor contempt;
all that I ſaw ſeem'd *Curiacius* to me,
all that he ſaid unto me, ſpake his fires,
all what I ſaid aſſur'd him of my love.
A general fight to day is doubted much,
I heard the news on't yeſterday, and was
not troubled at it, my Spirit did reject
theſe fatall objects, charm'd with the ſweet thoughts
of marriage and peace: But this laſt night
hath diſſipated thoſe ſo charming errors.
A thouſand fearful dreams, and bloody Images,
or rather heapes of ſlaughter and of horrour
ſnatch'd my joy from me, and fill'd me with fear:
I ſaw dead bodies, blood, and nothing elſe,
a ſpirit appearing ſuddenly tooke flight,
they defac'd one another, and each fantaſme
redoubled my fear by its confuſion.

Julia. A dream for the moſt part ſhould be interpreted
in a contrary ſenſe.

Camilla. I ſhould believe it ſo, ſince I deſire it;
but notwithſtanding all my prayers and wiſhes
[illegible] a day of battel, not of peace.

Julia. Thereby the war will end, and peace will follow.

Camilla. Laſt ſtill the ill, if this muſt be the remedy!
Whether *Rome* fall, or *Alba* be o'rthrown,
dear Lover, think no more to be my Husband:
my heart (how great ſoever the fire be
that doth conſume it) will not have the conquerour,
nor Slave of *Rome*. But what new object here
preſents it ſelfe? Is it thee, *Curiacius*?

SCENA.

SCENA III.

Curiatius, Camilla, Julia.

Curiat. Camilla, doubt it not, behold a man
who neither is the conquerour, nor yet
the ſlave of *Rome*: fear not to ſee my hands
bluſh with the ſhameful weight of Irons, or
the blood of *Romanes*; I believ'd you lov'd
glory and *Rome* enough for to deſpiſe
my chaine, and hate my Victory, and ſo
in this extremity I equally
feared captivity and Victory.

Camilla. It is ſufficient, *Curatius*,
I do divine the reſt, thou fly'ſt a battel
ſo fatall to thy wiſhes, and thy heart
wholly mine, to the end thou mayſt not loſe me,
denies to lend thy arm unto thy Country:
let who will herein look on thy Renowne,
and blame thee to have too much loved me,
Camilla muſt not diſeſteeme thee for't;
the more thy Love appears, the more ſhe ought
to cheriſh thee: and if thou oweſt much
unto the place that gave thee birth, the more
thou quit'ſt for me, the more thy Love appears.
But haſt thou ſeen my Father? can he ſuffer
thee in his houſe thus? doth he not preferre
the State before his private Family?
regardeth he not *Rome* more then his daughter?
Laſtly, is our good fortune well aſſur'd?
hath he beheld thee as a Son in law,
or as an Enemy?

Curiat. He look'd upon me
as ſon in law with tenderneſs and love,
which witneſſed enough an entire joy:

but he beheld me not, by any treaſon
unworthy honour, enter in his houſe:
I give not up the intereſt of my towne,
I love my honour yet, though I adore
Camilla; ſo long as the war hath laſted,
I have approv'd my ſelf as good a Citizen,
as faithful lover. I would with my Love
reconcile *Alba's* quarrel, I ſigh'd for you
in combating for her; and if we muſt
yet come to ſtrokes, I ſhould, alas! fight for her,
and ſigh for you: in ſpight of the deſires
of my charm'd ſoul, if the warre ſhould continue,
I ſhould be in the Army: it is peace
that giveth me a free acceſſe unto you,
peace, unto which our love oweth this happineſſe.

Cam. Peace! by what means may one believe this miracle?

Julia. *Camilla*, at the leaſt believe the Oracle,
and know we fully by what bleſt effects
the happines of a battle hath produc'd
this peace.

Curiat. Ye Gods, who ever could have thought it!
Already the two Armies animated
unto the combate, with an equal heat
threatned each other with their eyes, and fiercely
advancing, look'd for nothing but the ſignall
to give the charge, when our diſcreet Dictator
putting himſelf ſome diſtance 'fore the ranks,
demanded of your Prince a minutes ſilence;
it being granted him, "What do we, Romans,
' (ſaid he) what divel provoketh us to arms?
' let reaſon rule, and cleer your underſtandings.
'We are your neighbours, your fair daughters are
' our wives, and ours are yours; *Hymen* hath joyn'd us
' by ſo many reciprocal ſtrong knots
' that there are few of our ſons which are not
' your Nephews; and to ſpeak the truth, we are
' but one blood, and one people in two Towns;
' why ſhould we tear our ſelves by civil warrs,

where

' where the death of the conquered weakneth
' the conquerors, and the moſt beautious triumph
' is watered with teares? Our common enemies
' expect with joy, when one of us defeated,
' ſhall leave the other as a prey unto them;
' they have too long enjoy'd the benefit
' of our diviſions: let us for the future
' joyne all the forces that we have againſt them,
' and let us drown theſe petty differences
' for ever in Oblivion, which make'
' ſo ill allies of ſuch good Warriours:
' but if th'ambition to command each other
' maketh your troops and ours to march to day,
' if we would but appeaſe her with leſſe blood,
' ſhe will unite, farre from dividing, us.
' Let us name Combatants for th' common cauſe,
' each people fix it ſelf unto their own;
' and as the chance of Arms ſhall diſpoſe of them,
' the weakeſt party ſhall obey the ſtrongeſt;
' but with this reſervation, that the conquered
' without indignity to ſuch brave Warriours,
' ſhall not be ſlaves, but ſubjects, free from tribute
' or ſhame, without other ſubjection
' then to be bound to follow in all places
' the Colours of the Conqueror. Thus our
' two States wil make but one reſplendent Empire.
He ended here, every one figh'd with joy,
and looking each into the others ranks,
knew there a friend, a cozen, or a brother:
they wondred how their hands, greedy of blood,
flew raſhly to ſo many parricides,
and ſhew'd a face at once cover'd with horror
of battaile, and with ardour for this choice:
At laſt the offer was accepted, and
the deſir'd peace on thoſe conditions
was ſwore of both ſides, three ſhould fight for all:
but for to make the better choice, our Chiefs
will take a little leiſure. Your election

is in the Senate, our within a Tent,

Cam. O Gods, how this diſcourſe contents my minde!

Curiat. Within three hours or there abouts, by common accord, the fortune of our warriours
ſhall rule our fortune; in the meane time all
are free, expecting when they ſhall be nam'd;
Rome's in our Campe, and our Campe is in *Rome*;
free acceſs being allowed of both ſides,
every one goes to finde his ancient friend,
and to receive his Love; for my part, Madame,
my paſſion made me ſeeke your noble Brothers,
and my deſires met with ſo good ſucceſs,
that th' Authour of your dayes hath promiſed
to give me the unparallell'd happineſs
of your faire hand to morrow; you will not,
I hope, become a Rebell to his power.

Cam. The duty of a daughter is obedience.

Curiat. Come then, receive that ſweet command which muſt heape up my happineſs to its full height.

Cam. I follow you, but for to ſee my Brothers,
and to know th' end too of our miſeries.

Julia. Go, whilſt that I at the foot of the Altars,
freed ſo propitiouſly from their feirce rods,
give thanks for you to the immortall Gods

The end of the firſt Act.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Horatius, Curiatius.

Curiatius THus *Rome* hath fitly placed her eſteeme,
ſhe ſhould have choſen otherwiſe unworthily;
this City proud in you and in your brothers,
hath found three warriours, which ſhe doth preferre

before

before all others, and oppoſing to us
no other armes but yours, braveth all ours
with one ſole houſe: we will believe that, ſeeing
all is committed to your hands, there is
no *Romane* beſides *Horace* and his Sons:
This choice can fill three Families with Glory,
and conſecrate their names to future ages:
Oh yes! the honour which yours doth receive
by this choice, can immortalize all three;
and ſince with you my fortune and may flame
have made me place my Siſter, chuſe my wife,
that which I ought to be, and what I am
to you already, makes me take your part
as much as poſſibly I can: But ſadly
another intereſt doth reſtraine my Joy,
and mingles bitterneſs amongſt thoſe ſweets;
the war hath caſt ſuch a refulgent ray
upon your Valour, that I ſhake for *Alba*,
and foreſee its misfortune; ſince you combat,
her ruine is aſſur'd; in making you
the choice, even deſtiny her ſelfe hath ſworn it.
I ſee herein too plain her fatall projects,
and do already count my ſelfe your ſubject.

Horat. So little reaſon have you to lament
for *Alba*, that *Rome* rather ſhould be pitied,
ſeeing thoſe ſhe rejecteth, and the three
ſhe names; alas! it is a fatall blindneſs
for her, in having ſo many brave Hero's
to chuſe, and yet to take the worſt; a thouſand
of her faire Children, far more worthy of her
then we, could better have ſuſtain'd her quarell:
But though this combat points me out a grave,
the Glory of this choice doth ſwell me up
with a juſt pride, my ſpirit doth receive
a maſculine aſſurance by't, I dare
by vertue of it to hope much from my
ſmall Valour, and what ere the projects be
of envious fortune, I do not account me.

it'h' number of your ſubjects: *Rome* hath too much
attributed to me; but my raviſh'd ſoul
ſhall ſatisfie her expectation,
or loſe its life; he that reſolves to die,
or overcome, is ſeldome overcome;
this generous deſpair doth hardly periſh:
but come what will, *Rome* ſhall be free, not ſubject
until my laſt gaſp aſſure my defeat.

Curiat. Alas! how much am I here to be pitied!
that which my Country will, my Amitie
forbids: Cruel extremities! to ſee
Alba enſlaved, or her Victory
bought at the dear rate of a life ſo precious,
and the chief good whereto her wiſhes tend,
purchaſed at the price of your laſt ſighs:
What prayers ſhall I form? what happineſſe
expect? on every ſide I muſt ſhed tears;
on every ſide my deſires are betrai'd.

Horat. What! would you weep me dying for my Country?
Such a death for a generous heart hath charms;
the glory that attends it doth allow
no tears; and I ſhould bleſſe my fortune, if
the State and *Rome* could loſe leſſe by my death.

Curiat. How ever, Sir, permit your friends to fear it,
they onely in ſo fair a death as this
are to be weep'd, the glory ont's for you,
the loſſe for them: it maketh you immortal,
and rendreth them miſerable; what is it
one loſeth not in loſing of a friend
ſo faithful! But I ſee *Flavian* approach,
he brings me here ſome news. Hath *Alba* yet
made choice of her three combatants?

SCENA

SCENA II.

Horatius, Curiatius, Flavianus.

Flavian. I come
to tell you of it.
Curiat. Well, who are the three?
Flav. You, Sir, and your two brothers.
Curiat. Who?
Flav. You, I ſay,
and your two brothers. But why this ſad countenance
and this ſevere look? doth the choice diſpleaſe you?
Curiat. No, but it doth ſurprize me,
I thought my ſelf unworthy of ſo great
an honour.
Flav. Shall I tel (Sir) the Dictator
that ſent me to you, with what little joy
you do receive it? This cold entertainment
doth make me wonder.
Curiat. Tel him, that Amitie, Love, and Allyance
can't hinder the three *Curiatii*
to ſerve their Country 'gainſt the three *Horatii*.
Flav. Againſt them! oh! it is too much for me
to ſpeak in few words.
Curiat. Carry him my anſwer,
and leave us in repoſe. ——— *Exit. Flavian.*

SCENA III.

Curiatius, Horatius.

Curiat. How heaven, hell and earth conſpire againſt us,
and make us war! Gods, divels, men, and fortune
prepare a general aſſault againſt us;
in the condition that we are, I dare them

to do their worſt now, what ſo e'r they have
of horrible and cruel, is much leſs
then th' honour which they do unto us both.

Horat. Fortune, that opens us the liſts of honour,
offers a glorious matter to our conſtancy,
ſhe draines her force to ſtrengthen a misfortune.
To meaſure her ſelf better with our Valour,
as ſhe eſteemeth us not common ſouls,
ſhe doth exclude our fortunes from the common.
To fight an enemy for the general ſafety,
and to expoſe ones ſelf alone to ſtroaks
againſt a ſtranger, is but the effect of
a ſimple vertue, thouſands have already
perform'd it, thouſands can perform it ſtill:
to lay ones life down for his Country, is
ſo faire a fate, ſo worthy an expoſure,
that all ſhould ſtrive to purchaſe ſuch a death:
But to be willing for to ſacrifice
unto the publick that which we do love,
to tye us reſolutely to the combat
againſt our other ſelf, t' aſſault a party
that takes the Brother of a wife, and Lover
of a deare Siſter for its ſole defender,
and breaking all theſe knotts, to arme for's Country
againſt a blood which one would purchaſe with
his life, is ſuch a vertue as belongs not
but unto us: The glorious luſtre of
its great name makes but few jealous of it;
very few men have ſo imprinted it
i' th' heart, as to dare to aſpire unto
ſo much renown.

Curiat. 'Tis true, our names henceforth
ſhall never dye, th' occaſion is faire
'tis fit we cheriſh it, we ſhall be held
the mirrous of a vertue very rare.
But for all that, our conſtancy and courage
ſavours a little of barbarity:
few even of the great hearts would be proud

to

to goe this way to immortality;
at how high price ſoever we do ſet
ſuch a ſmoake, ſuch vanity; obſcurity
is better then ſo much renown: for my part,
I dare avouch it, and you might have ſeen it,
that I conſulted not upon my duty;
nor our long amity: Love, nor alliance
could e'r ſuſpend my ſpirit a moments ſpace;
and ſince by this choice *Alba* ſhewes indeed
that ſhe eſteemeth me aſmuch as *Rome*
doth you, I think to do as much for her
as you for *Rome*; I have as good a heart:
but laſtly, I'm a man. I ſee your honour
conſiſts in ſhedding of my blood, that all
mine doth depend on peircing of your body:
ready t'eſpouſe the Siſter, I muſt kill
the Brother, and all for my Countries ſake;
although without fear I fly to my duty,
my heart is fiercely angry, and I tremble
for horrour on't; I cannot chuſe but pity
my ſelf, and caſt an envious eye on thoſe
whoſe lives our war hath raviſh'd, yet without
any deſire to retreat, or relinquiſh;
this ſad and Violent honour moveth me,
but ſhakes me not; I love that which it gives me,
and waile that which it taketh away from me:
and if *Rome* doth demand a higher vertue,
I thank the Gods that made me not a *Romane*,
to conſerve yet ſomething of humane in me.

Horat. If you are not a *Romane*, make your ſelf
worthy to be ſo: if you equall me,
make it appear more plainly. Solid vertue,
whereof I boaſt, admits no weakneſs with
its conſtancy, and it is ill to enter
into the liſts of honour, and at firſt ſtep
to looke behind us; our misfortune's great,
it is arriv'd unto the higheſt point,
I look it boldly in the face, without

trembleing to ſee it. Againſt whom ſoever
my Country doth imploy me, I accept
this glory blindly, but yet joyfully:
that, to receive ſuch faire commands, ſhould ſmother
in us all other ſentiments; who conſiders,
beſides to ſerve her, any other thing,
diſpoſeth himſelf poorly to his duty;
this ſacred right breaketh all other bonds;
Rome hath found out my arm, I'le not examine it;
with as ſincere and full a joy as I
Married the ſiſter, I will fight the brother.
And laſtly, to cut off this frivolous ſpeech,
Alba hath nam'd you, I know you no more.

Curiat. I know you yet, and that is it which kills me;
but this ſharpe vertue was not known unto me;
as our misfortune now is, 't is arriv'd
unto the higheſt point, ſuffer me to
admire it, and not imitate it.

Horat. No, no,
embrace not vertue by conſtraint: and ſince
you finde more pleaſure in complaint, enjoy
ſo ſweet a good with all full liberty.
Behold my Siſter comes to lament with you:
I'le goe to ſee yours, to reſolve her ſoul
unto this thought, that ſhe is ſtill my wife,
to love you ſtill, though I dye by your hands,
and to take to her in her great'ſt misfortune
the ſentiments of *Romane*.

SCENA IIII.

Horatius, Curiatius, Camilla

Horat. Siſter, have you
heard what accompt they make of *Curiatius*?

Cam. Alas! my fortune hath much chang'd her face.

Horat. Arme you with conſtancy, and ſhew your ſelf

my

my Sister: if your Lover by my death
returne a conquerour, receive him not
as murtherer of a Brother, but as a man
of honour, that doth what he ought to do,
that serves his Country well, and shewes to all
by his high vertue that he's worthy of you;
and so, as if I liv'd, finish the marriage:
But if this sword cut off his destiny,
give to my Victory such entertainment:
do not reproach me with your Lovers death;
your tears flow from you, and your heart's oppress'd,
consummate with him all this weakness, Sister,
quarrel with Heaven and Earth, curse envious fortune,
but think no more of death after the combat.
Sir, I will leave you but a moment with her,
since we must go together where bright honour
doth call us.——— *Exit Horatius.*

SCENA V

Camilla, Curiatius.

Cam. Wilt thou go, my deare Heart? art thou pleas'd with
this fatall honour so farre, as to purchase it
at the expense of all our happiness?

Curiat. Alas! I see I must, do what I can,
either of grief die, or *Horatius* hand;
I go to this illustrious imployment
as to my punishment, a thousand times
I curse th' accompt they make of me, I hate
that Valour which doth make *Alba* esteeme me;
my flame doth pass from despaire even to crime,
it quarrells with and doth assault the Gods:
I wail you, and my self, but I must go.

Cam. No, no, I know thee better, thou desir'st
that I should pray thee, and that so my power
excuse thee to thy Country. Thou art but

too famous by thy other brave exploits,
Alba already hath receiv'd by them
all what thou ow'ſt her, none then thee hath better
ſuſtain'd this war, none with dead bodies hath
more covered this ground, thy name cannot
grow greater, there is nothing wanting to it;
ſuffer ſome other here t' ennoble his.

Curiat. Should I premit, and ſee before mine eyes
another head crown'd with immortal lawrels,
which glory doth prepare me, and my Country
reproach this to my vertue, that it might
have triumphed, if I had combated?
and by my Love, my Valour lull'd aſleepe,
crown ſo many exploits with ſuch an infamy?
No, *Alba*, after th' honour thou haſt given me,
thou ſhalt not fall, nor vanquiſh but by me;
thou haſt committed to my hands thy fate,
I'le give to thee a good accompt of it,
and live without reproach, or dye with ſhame.

Cam. I hope thou wilt not ſo betray my truſt.

Curiat. Before I'm yours, I muſt be for my Country.

Cam. But wilt thou for it ſo deprive thy ſelf
of brother in law, thy ſiſter of her husband,
I of my brothers?

Curiat. Such is our misfortune:
the choice of *Alba* and of *Rome*, takes off
all ſweetneſs from the names (ſometime ſo ſweet)
of Brother in law and Siſter.

Cam. Wilt thou alſo
come to preſent me with his head, and ask
my hand for guerdon of thy Victory?

Curiat. In the condition wherein I am,
I muſt no more think of it; without hope,
to love you, is all that which I can do.
You weepe, my dear Heart.

Cam. I have cauſe to weepe,
my cruell Lover doth ordain me death;
and when our Hymen lights his torch, alas!

he with his hand doth put it out, and opens
a tombe unto me; this unpitiful heart
is obſtinate to my deſtruction,
and ſayes it loves me, when it murthers me.
Curiat. What powerful diſcourſe hath a Miſtreſs when
ſhe's blubbered with tears? and how ſtrong is
a faire eye with ſuch help? how tender is
my heart become at this ſo ſad a ſight?
my conſtancy againſt it laboureth
with ſome regret. Aſſault not with your griefes
my glory, and leave me alone to ſave
my vertue from your tears, I feele it tottering,
and ill defends it ſelf: the more I am
your Lover, the leſs am I *Curiatius*,
already weake in combating 'gainſt Amity,
ſhould it o'rcome at once both love and pity?
Begone, love me no more, ſhed no more tears;
where I oppoſe th' offence to ſuch ſtrong Armes,
I ſhall defend me better 'gainſt your anger;
and to deſerve it, I'le no more looke on you,
revenge your ſelf of an ingratfull perſon,
and puniſh an inconſtant. Shew you not
your ſelf as ſenſible of this injury?
I have no more eyes for you. Yet you have
for me! muſt there be more yet? I renounce
my faith unto you. Rigorous vertue, whoſe
Victime I am. What! canſt not thou reſiſt,
without th' aſſiſtance of a crime?
Cum. Commit
no other crime, and I atteſt the Gods,
that farre from hating thee, I'le love thee more:
yes, I will cheriſh thee, falſe and ingrateful,
and ceaſe t' aſpire unto the name of fratricide.
Why am I *Romane*, or why Art not thou ſo?
I would prepare thee Laurells with my hand,
I would encourage thee, and not diſtract thee,
and I would treate thee as I do my brother.
Alas! I was to day blinde in my wiſhes,

I did againſt thee when I did for him.
He returns: what misfortune! if the love
of his wife workes no more upon his ſoul,
then mine doth upon thine!

SCENA VI.

Horatius, Curiatius, Sabina, Camilla.

Curiat. Good Gods! *Sabina* followes him. Is not
Camilla ſtrong enough to ſhake my heart,
but you muſt joyn my Siſter too? And leaving
her tears to conquer me, bring you her hither
to ſeeke the ſame advantage?

Sab. No, no, Brother,
oh no, I come not here but to embrace you,
and to bid you adieu; your blood's too good,
feare not that there is any baſeneſs in it,
nothing that may offend the conſtancy
of theſe great hearts; if this illuſtrious fate
ſhould ſhake either of you, I ſhould not own him
for brother, or for husband: may I yet
make a requeſt unto you worthy of
ſo brave a Husband, and ſo brave a Brother?
I would at once take off impiety,
render unto the honour that expects it,
its purity, without mingling of crimes
ſet its faire luſtre on it: in a word,
I faine would make you lawfull enemies;
I am the ſole bond of that ſacred knot
which joyneth you; when I ſhall be no more,
you ſhall be nothing unto one another;
breaking this chaine, you breake off your alliance;
and ſince your honour doth require effects
of hatred, purchaſe by my death the right
and priviledge to hate: *Alba* and *Rome*
will have it ſo, 'tis fit that you obey them;
let one of you two kill me, and the other

revenge

revenge me, then your fight ſhall not be ſtrange,
or at leaſt one of you ſhall juſtly fight
for to revenge his wife, or elſe his ſiſter.
But what! you would fully ſo faire Glory,
if any other quarrell ſhould provoake you:
your zeal unto your Country doth forbid you
ſuch cares, you ſhould do very little for it,
if leſs then this; unto it you muſt ſacrifice,
and without hate, a Brother in law; no more then
deferre that which you ought to do; begin,
and practiſe by his wife to ſhed his blood,
begin to peirce his boſome by his ſiſter;
begin to make a worthy ſacrifice
of your illuſtrious lives to your deare praties
by the death of *Sabina*; y' are enemies,
you unto *Alba*, you to *Rome*, and I
to both of them: what! think you to reſerve me
to ſee a Victory, where I ſhall behold
the laurels of a brother or a husband
ſmoake with a blood that I ſo cheriſhed?
can I between you two govern my heart then?
fulfill the duty of ſiſter and wife?
embrace the conquerour in weeping for
the conquered? no, no, before *Sabina*
ſhall feel this ſtroake, the death which I expect
from one of you, ſhall readily prevent it.
If you deny your hands, my own ſhall execute it;
on then, who holds you? on, inhumane hearts!
I ſhall have means enough to force you to it;
you ſhall not be ſo buſie at the fight,
but in the mid'ſt this body ſhall arreſt
your Swords, and ſpight of your refuſals, force them
to make way here before they reach at you.

Horat. O my wife!

Curiat. O my ſiſter!

Cam. They begin
to mollifie.

Sab. You ſigh, your Viſages

grow/

grow pale! are you thoſe great hearts, thoſe brave *Heroes*,
which *Rome* and *Alba* have tane for defenders?

Horat. Wife, what have I done to thee, wherein have I
offended thee, that thou ſeek'ſt out againſt me
ſuch a revenge? what have my honour done thee?
and wherefore comeſt thou with all thy force
t aſſault my vertue? ſatisfie thy ſelf
at leaſt to have aſtoniſh'd it, and leave me
to finiſh this great buſineſs. Thou would'ſt faine
reduce me to a ſtrange point, if thou lov'dſt
thy husband, thou wouldſt not ſeeke to prevaile;
be gone then, and no longer leave the Victory
do ubtful and in ſuſpence, the diſpute on't
makes me aſham'd already: ſuffer me
to end my dayes with honour.

Sabina. Well, proceed,
feare me no more; he comes to thy aſſiſtance.

SCENA VII.

The old Horatius, Horatius, Curiatius. Sabina, Camilla.

The old Horatius.

How comes this, Children? doth your love lull you
aſleepe, or do you hearken to its charme?
Loſe you yet time with women? even ready
[illegible]hed blood, looke you on effeminate tears?
begone, and leave theſe blubber'd fooles to their
misfortunes; their complaints have too much art
and tenderneſs for you; they would participate
their weakneſs to you, and there is no way
to ſhun thoſe ſtroakes but onely to fly from them.

Sabina. Feare nothing from them, they are worthy of you,
in ſpight of our endeavours; I perceive,
you may expect what ever you deſire
both from a Son and Son in law; and if
our weakneſs could have changed them, we leave you

here

here to encourage them; come, Sister, come,
let us loſe no more tears; againſt ſuch vertues
they are but weake armes, 'tis but to deſpaire
that we muſt have recourſe. Go, Tigers, go
to fight, and we will go to die. —— *Exeunt women.*

SCENA VIII.

The old Horatius, Horatius, Curiatius.

Horat. Father, I do beſeech you, entertain
theſe paſſionate Women; above all things ſee
they come not forth, their troubleſome affection
would come with glory by their cryes and tears
to interrupt our combat, and what they
do to us, would with juſtice do; we may be,
perhaps, ſuſpected of this evil artifice.
The honour of ſo faire a choice would be
too dearly bought, if we ſhould be ſuſpected
of any cowardize.

The old Horat. I will have care of them;
begone, your Brothers do attend you: think
of nothing, but what's due unto your Country.

Curiat. What fare-well ſhall I bid you, and what complements
uſe t' expreſs my ſelf?

The old Horat. Oh! do not mollifie
my ſentiments here: to encourage you
my voyce wants language, my heart cannot form
thoughts ſtrong enough: At this adieu I have
my ſelf tears in mine eyes. Do what you ought,
and in your combat have no other thought.

The end of the ſecond Act.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Sabina.

MY ſoul, we cannot ſtand indifferent,
one ſide 'tis requiſite I take; I muſt
be wife unto *Horatius*, or ſiſter
to *Curiatius*; ceaſe we to divide
our fruitleſs cares, let us deſire ſomething,
and fear a little leſs; but which to take,
alas! I know not, in a chance ſo contrary;
it is a hard extremity to chuſe
a husband or a brother for an enemy;
Nature or Love doth ſpeake for each of them,
and by the laws of duty I am ty'd
unto them both: on their high ſentiments
rather lets rule our own, be the wife of th' one,
and ſiſter of the other both together,
let's looke upon their honour as a good
unparallell'd, let's imitate their conſtancy,
and let us feare no more; the death which threatens them
is ſuch a faire death, that we ſhould not be
afraid to heare the news o'nt; let's not call then
the deſtinies inhumane, let us think
upon the cauſe, and not upon the hands,
let us behold the conquerours as if
we had no other thought but of the glory
which all their houſe receiveth from their Victory,
without conſidering what blood is ſhed
to raiſe their vertue to that glorious hight,
let's make our intereſts of their Family,
in the one I am wife, in th' other daughter,
and hold of both by ſuch ſtrong obligations

that

that they cannot triumph but by my armes.
Fortune, whatever evils thy rigour ſends me,
I have the means to derive joy from thence,
and to ſee now the combat without fear,
the dead without deſpaire, the conquerours
without confuſion. Flattering illuſion,
ſweet and groſs error, vaine indeavour of
my ſoul, impuiſſant light, whoſe falſe ſparks take
a priviledge to dazle me! how little
thou laſt's, and how ſoon vainſheſt! much like
unto thoſe lightnings which in the thick ſhades
thruſt forth a ſudden day, and afterward
renders the night more gloomy and obſcure;
thou ſtruck'ſt mine eyes but with a moments brightneſs
to overwhelme them with eternal night.
Thou too much flattered'ſt my puniſhment,
and Heaven offended at it, ſelleth me
this moment of refreſhment very deare,
I feele my ſad heart pierc'd with all the ſtroakes,
that now deprive me of a brother or
a husband; when I think upon their death,
what ever I propoſe, I think by what arme,
and not for what cauſe, nor can I behold
the conquererours in their illuſtrious ranke
but to conſider at what bloods expenſe;
the houſe o' th' vanquiſh'd party onely touches
my ſoul, in one I'm daughter, wife in th' other,
and hold of both by ſuch ſtrong obligations,
that they cannot triumph but by my armes.
This is that peace then I ſo much deſired!
Too favourable Gods, you heard my prayers!
what thunder-bolts dart you, when you are wronged,
when even your favours are ſo full of cruelties?
And in what manner puniſh you offence,
if thus you uſe the prayers of innocence?

SCENA II.

Sabina, Julia.

Sab. Is it done, *Julia*? what news bring you me?
Is it a brothers or a husbands death?
Or hath the ſad fate of their impious armes
of all the combatants made as many ſacrifices,
and envying me the horrour which I had
o' th' conquerours, condemned me to tears
for all o them together?

Julia. Know you not
what hath paſs'd yet?

Sab. How ſhould I underſtand it?
know you not that *Camilla* and my ſelf
are ſhut up in this houſe, as in a priſon?
Julia, they fear our tears: we ſhould without doubt
have interpos'd our ſelves between their armes,
and by the juſt deſpaires of a chaſt amity
we ſhould have drawn ſome pity from both Camps.

Julia. There was no need of ſuch a tender ſpectacle,
their fight brought obſtacle enough unto
their fight; aſſoon as they were ready to
meaſure their ſwords, both one, and th' other Camp
began to murmur, that perſons ſo neer
ally'd, ſhould ſacrifice each others life
unto their Countries quarrel; one was mov'd
with pity, and another ſeiz'd with horrour,
ſome wonder'd at the madneſs of their zeal,
others extoll'd their vertue to the Heavens,
and ſome preſum'd to name it ſacrilegious
and brutiſh; all theſe diverſe ſentiments
had yet but one voice, every one accuſed
their Chiefs, all with a general conſent
abhorr'd their choice, not able to endure
ſo barbarous a combat, they cry'd out on't,
advaunced therupon, and parted them.

Sab.

Sab. Great Gods! what incenſe do I owe unto you for hearing my devotions?

Jul. Sabina,
you are not yet where you imagin now;
you may hope, you have leſs to fear: but yet
there doth remain unto you cauſe enough
wherewith to wail you. Vain was the indeavour
to free them from ſo ſada fate, theſe generous,
or rather cruel combatants could not
conſent unto 't; the glory of this choice
ſeemed ſo precious to them, and ſo much
charm'd their ambitious ſouls, that when they were
deplored, they eſteemed themſelves happy,
and tooke the pity that was ſhew'd unto them
for an affront: The trouble of both camps
ſeem'd unto them to fully their renown,
they rather would combat with both the armies,
and dye by the ſame hands that parted them,
then quit the honours were confer'd upon them.

Sab. What? were thoſe Iron hearts ſo obſtinate?

Jul. They were ſo, but the armies mutany'd,
and uttering their cryes both at one time,
demanded other combatants, or battaile.
Scarce was the preſence of the Chiefs reſpected,
their power was doubtful, their words not attended:
the King himſelf was much aſtoniſh'd at it.
Since every one (ſaid he) diſlikes this diſcord,
let us conſult the ſacred Majeſty
of the great Gods, and ſee we if this change
be pleaſing to them: where's that impious ſoul
will dare oppoſe their will, when in a ſacrifice,
they ſhall be pleas'd to manifeſt it to us?
He held his peace, and theſe words ſeemed charmes,
yea from ſix combatants ſnatch'd away their armes;
and this deſire of honour which ſhut up
their eyes, though blind, reſpected yet the Gods:
their boiling heat ſubmitted to the counſell
of *Tullus*; and were it by an appeale,

or by a ready ſcruple, in both armies
'twas made a law, as if they both acknowledg'd him
for King; the victimes death will ſhew the reſt.

Sab. The Gods will not allow an impious combat,
I hope well of it, ſince it is deferr'd,
and I begin to ſee what I deſir'd.

SCENA III.

Sabina, Camilla. Julia.

Sab. Siſter, I'le tel you good news,

Cam. I believe,
I know it, if we may but name it ſuch;
I was in preſence when 'twas told unto
my Father, but I gather nought from thence
that may aſſwage my grief; this intermiſſion
of our misfortunes, will but make their ſtroaks
more rude; 'tis but a longer time allow'd
to our inqu ietudes, and all the comfort
that one may hope from thence, is onely this,
to lament thoſe we love a little later.

Sab. The Gods have not in vain inſpir'd this tumult.

Cam. Let's rather ſay, ſiſter, that we conſult them
in vain; the ſame Gods have inſpir'd this choice
into the breſt of *Tullus*; and the publick
is not always their voice; much leſs deſcend they
into ſuch low receptacles, but in
the breſt of Kings, their living Images,
whoſe abſolute power is, and authority,
a ſecret ray of their divinity.

Jul. It is to form you oſtacles without reaſon,
to ſeeke their voices otherwiſe then in
their oracles, and you can't to your ſelf
figure all loſt, without belying that
was rendered to you yeſterday.

Cam. An Orale

can ne'r be comprehended: for the more
we think to underſtand it, commonly
the leſs we underſtand it, farre from ſetling
on ſuch a ſentence; who ſees nothing in't
obſcure, ought to believe that all is ſo.

Sab. Let us build more aſſurance upon that
which makes for us, and entertain the ſweetneſs
of a juſt hope; when Heaven is favourable
halfe wayes to ope its armes, who doth not promiſe
ſome good thence to himſelf, deſerves it not;
he oftentimes hindereth this favour from
ſhewing it ſelf, and when it doth deſcend,
his cold refuſall ſendeth it away.

Cam. Heaven acteth without us in theſe events,
and ordereth them not on our ſentiments.

Jul. He makes you not affraid but for your good.
Adiew, I goe to know what's done at laſt;
aſſwage your fears, hope at my return,
to entertain you, Ladies, with no other
diſcourſe but love, and that we ſhall imploy
the end of this day to the ſweet preparatives
of a bleſt marriage.

Sab. I hope it alſo.

Cam. And I dare not to dream on't.

Jul. Th' effect will make it plaine t'y', which knows beſt
to judge thereof.

SCENA IIII.

Sabina, Camilla.

Sab. In the midſt of our ſorrows, give me leave
to blame you: ſo much trouble in your ſoul
I can no way approve of; if you were
in my caſe, Siſter, what would you do then!
if you had ſo much cauſe to fear as I,
and were to expect from their fatall armes

ſuch

ſuch ils as mine, and ſuch unparallell'd loſſes?

Cam. Speak more indifferently of your ſufferings
and mine, every one ſees thoſe of another
not with the ſame eye that he ſees his own;
but to look well on mine wherein heaven plungeth me,
yours after them would ſeem t y' as a dream.
Horatius death is onely to be fear'd
by you, a brother's nothing to a husband;
the marriage that tyeth us unto
another family, untyeth us
from that wherein we lived maids; theſe knots
ſo different, are not to be compar'd;
we muſt leave Parents, Friends and all the world
to follow a deare husband. But if, Siſter,
ſo neer unto a marriage, the Lover
which a glad farther gives, is leſs unto us
then husband, and not leſs then brother, ſurely
our ſentiments between them do remain
ſuſpended, our choice is impoſſible,
and our deſires confounded. Thus you have
in your complaints where to direct your wiſhes,
and terminate your fears: but if heaven ſhould
reſolve to preſecute us, for my part,
I muſt fear all things, and can hope for nothing.

Sab. When one muſt dye, and by the others hand,
'tis but an ill diſpute this which you make;
let the knots be as different as they will,
we muſt not leave our parents in oblivion;
although we leave them, *Hymen* doth not raze out
thoſe deepe engraven characters; to love
a husband, we are not oblig'd to hate
our brothers; nature alwayes doth conſerve
her firſt rights, when the death of either one
or other is propos'd, we cannot chuſe,
they are as well unto us, as a husband,
our other ſelves, and all evils are alike
when that they are extreme: but happily
the Lover that doth charme you, and for whom

you

you burn, is not ſo to you as you'd have him,
an evil humour, or a little zealouſie,
may baniſh him your good opinion;
and put him quite out of your fantaſie;
what they do often, do the ſame by reaſon,
and leave your blood out of compariſon:
T' oppoſe voluntary bonds to thoſe
whom birth hath rendred neceſſary, is
a crime indubitable: If heaven ſhould reſolve then
to perſecute us, I have the moſt reaſon
to feare all fortunes, and deſpaire of all things;
but for your part, duty directeth you
in your complaints where to addreſſe your wiſhes,
and terminate your fears.

Cam. Siſter, I ſee
you never lov'd, you know not Love, nor felt
his darts: one may reſiſt him in the birth,
but when he's grown, and become Maſter of us,
we cannot baniſh him; eſpecially
when the conſent of Father in engaging
our faith hath made this tyrant lawfull King.
He entereth with ſweetneſs, but he raignes
by force; and when the ſoul hath taſted once
his ſweet temptation, to love no more
is that it cannot do; ſince it cannot
deſire but what he will, his chaines are for us
as ſtrong as faire.

SCENA V.

The old Horatius, Sabina, Camilla.

Old Horat. I come to bring unto you ſorrowful news;
my daughters, but in vain I ſhould conceale it you,
which could not but a little time be hidden;
your Brothers are in fight, the Gods ordain'd it.

Sab. I muſt confeſs this news doth much aſtoniſh me,

I thought there was in the Divinities
much leſs injuſtice, and much more of goodneſs:
comfort us not, reaſon is troubleſome
when it dares to oppoſe ſuch a misfortune;
we have the end of our griefs in our hands,
who can reſolve to dye, can brave diſaſter.
We eaſily could make, Sir, in your preſence
a feigned conſtancy of our deſpaire;
but when one can without ſhame be without
reſolved courage, 'tis a cowardiſe
to counterfeit it: the uſe of ſuch art
we leave to men, and will not paſs for that
but what we are: It is not our deſire
that ſuch a ſtout ſpirit ſhould abaſe it ſelf
by our example to complain of fortune;
receive theſe mortal tidings without trembling,
behold without mingling your own with them
our tears flow down our cheeks; laſtly we crave
(as all the favour we deſire in ſuch
calamities,) that you will keepe your conſtancy,
and ſuffer our ſad ſighs.

The old Horat. I am ſo farre
from blaming the tears which I ſee you ſhed,
that I can ſcarce defend me from their force,
and ſhould perhaps yeild to ſuch ſtrong aſſaults,
if herein we had both like intereſt:
not that your *Alba* by her choice hath made me
to hate your brothers, all three are deare perſons
yet unto me; but amity is not
of the ſame ranke, and hath not the effects
of love nor blood. I do not feele for them
the griefe that doth torment *Sabina* as
a Siſter, and *Camilla* as a Lover;
I can behold them as our enemies,
and give without regret my prayers and wiſhes
unto my Sons; they are (thanks to the Gods)
worthy their Country; no aſtoniſhment
e'r periſhed their glory, and I ſaw

their

their honour increaſe highly when their courages
refus'd the pity of both campes. If they
by any weakneſs had deſired it,
if their high vertue had not preſently
refuſed it, my hand ſhould have reveng'd me
upon them of the affront which their effeminate
conſent had done me; but when in deſpight
of them they would have other combatants,
I'le not deny 't, I joyn'd my prayers with yours;
if pitiful Heaven had hearkned to my voice,
Alba ſhould be reduc'd to chuſe anew,
we ſhould ſee then the *Horaces* triumph
without ſeeing their hands ſtain'd with the blood
of the bold *Curiatii*, and upon
the event of a combat farre more reaſonable
the honour of the *Romane* name would now
depend. The prudence of the Gods doth otherwiſe
diſpoſe thereof, on their eternall order
my ſpirit doth repoſe, it armes it ſelf
on this occaſion with generoſity,
and of the publick good makes its felicity.
Indeavour both of you to do as much,
to eaſe your griefs, and think that you are *Romanes*:
you are become ſo, you (*Camllia*) born ſuch;
ſo glorious a title is a treaſure;
a day, a day will come that *Rome* ſhall make
its glorious name fear'd like the thunderbolts
through the whole earth, and all the univerſe
ſhall ſhake under its lawes, it will become
th' ambition of Kings; for the Gods have promis'd
this glory unto our *Æneas*.

SCENA VI

The old Horatius, Sabina, Camilla, Julia.

The old Horat. Come you to tell us, *Julia*, the Victory?

Jul. But rather, Sir, the fatall ſad effects
of the fight *Rome* is ſubject unto *Alba*,
and your ſons are defeated; two o' th' three
are dead, her husband onely doth remaine.

Old. Horat. O effect of a ſad fight truely fatal!
Rome ſubject unto *Alba*, and my Son
to free her from it not imploy himſelfe
unto the laſt gaſp! No, this cannot be:
Julia, you are deceived. *Rome*'s not ſubject,
or my Son's ſlaine.

Jul. A thouſand from our Ramparts
ſaw it as well as I: he made himſelf
admir'd whil'ſt that his Brothers ſtood, but when
he ſaw himſelf alone againſt three adverſaries,
ready to be encompaſſed by them;
he ſav'd himſelf by flight.

Old Horat. Would not our ſouldiers
diſpatch the traitor! would they give this coward
retraite into their ranks?

Jul. I had no heart
to ſee more after this defeat.

Cam. O my Brothers!

Old Horat. Soft, mourn them not all, two of them enjoy
a fortune that doth make their father proud
and jealous too; See that their tombe be cover'd
with the moſt noble flowers; the glory of
their death hath pay'd me for their loſs: this happineſs
hath followed their unconquer'd courage, that
they ſaw *Rome* free as long as they had life,
and would not have beheld her to obey
but her own Prince, nor to become the Province

of

of an adjacent State. Lament the other,
lament the irreparable affront
his ſhamefull flight imprinteth on our brow,
lament the foul diſhonour that he caſts
on all our race, and the eternal ſtain
he leaves unto the ſometime glorious name
of the *Horatii.*

Jul. What would you have him do, Sir, againſt three?

Old Horat. What! I would have him dye: a brave diſpaire
would have aſſiſted him perhaps, had he
deferred his defeat a minute longer;
at leaſt *Rome* would have been a little later
ſubjected; ſo would he have left my haire
with honour grey, and that were a reward
worthy his life. He is accomptable
unto his Country of all his blood,
every drope ſpared, periſheth his glory;
after this baſe bout every inſtant of
his life doth publiſh, with his own, my ſhame.
I'le breake the courſe of it, and my juſt anger,
'gainſt an unworthy ſon uſing the rights
of father, ſhall make in his puniſhment
appear the glorious diſacknowledgment
of ſuch an action.

Sab. Hearken ſomewhat leſs
unto theſe generous heats, and render us
not altogether miſerable.

Old Horat. *Sabina*,
your heart may eaſily be comforted,
hitherto our misfortunes touch you little,
you have no part yet in our miſeries:
Heaven hath ſav'd you your husband and your brothers,
if we are ſubject, 'tis unto your Country;
your brothers are the conquerous, although
we are betray'd; and ſeeing the high point
whereto their glory mounts, you little looke
upon our ſhame; but your too much affection

for

for that ſo infamous husband, will perſwade you
to grieve as well as we ere it be long;
your tears in his behalfe are but weak guards:
I ſwear by the great Gods, the ſupreme powers,
that ere this day end, theſe my proper hands
ſhall waſh off with his blood the ſtain from *Rome*.

Sab. Let's follow him anger tranſporteth him.
Gods! ſhall we ſee nothing but ſuch misfortunes?
muſt we feare greater ſtill, and muſt our fates
alwayes proceed from friends and parents hates?

The end of the third Act.

ACTUS IIII. SCENA I.

The old Horatius, Camilla.

Old Horat. NE'r ſpeak unto me in the favour of
an infamous perſon, let him fly me as
the Brothers of his wife; to ſave a blood
that he eſteemes ſo precious, he hath done
yet nothing, if he keep not from my ſight.
Sabina may give order for't, or I
atteſt the ſoveraigne power of all the Gods. ——

Cam. Oh, father, take a ſweeter ſentiment,
you ſhall ſee *Rome* herſelf to uſe him otherwiſe,
and by what fate ſoe'r ſhe be oppres'd,
t' excuſe a vertue ſo o'r-charg'd with number.

Old Horat. *Romes* Judgement herein makes but little for me,
Camilla, I'm a father, and I have
my rights apart. I am not ignorant
how the true vertue acts: there is no triumph
where number doth oppreſs, her maſculine vigour
alwaies in the ſame point falls underneath
the force, but yeilds not to it. Peace, here comes
Valerius. What is his buſineſs with us?

SCENA

SCANA II.

The old Horace, Valerius, Camilla.

Valerius. Sent by the King to conſolate a father,
and to expreſs for him——
Old Horat. Take you no care on 't,
it is a comfort which I have no need of;
I rather would behold them dead, then covered
with infamy, that come to take me from
an enemies hand; they dy'd both for their Country
like men of honour, 'tis ſufficient.
Val. But, Sir, the other is a rarer bleſſing,
of all the three he ought to hold with you
the chiefeſt place.
Old Horat. Would he have made the name
of the *Horatii* periſh with himſelf!
Val. You onely treat him ill after the deed
that he hath done.
Old Horat. His fault belongs to me
onely to puniſh.
Val. What fault can yon finde
in his good conduct?
Old Horat. What brave vertue can you
finde in his flight?
Val. His flight is glorious
on this occaſion.
Old Horat. You redouble, Sir,
my ſhame and my confuſion: ſure th' example
is rare, and worthy memory, to finde
in flight a way to glory.
Val. What confuſion,
and what ſhame is 't to you to have brought forth
a Son that doth conſerve us all, that maketh
Rome triumph, and gaineth an Empire to her?
Old Horat. What preſervation, triumph, and what Empire,
when

when *Alba* rangeth underneath her lawes
our deſtiny !

Val. What ſpeak you here of *Alba*,
and of her Victory ? you know not yet
halfe of the ſtory.

Old Horat. What ? is not the combat
finiſhed by his flight ?

Val. Alba Thought ſo
at firſt, but ſhe perceived ſoon, that he
fled like a man, that knew well how to manage
Romes beſt advantage.

Old Horat. What ! triumphs *Rome* then ?

Val. Be pleas'd to underſtand; the valour of
this ſon, whom wrongfully you do condemn,
reſting alone 'gainſt three, (but in this paſſage,
all the three being wounded, and he free)
too weake for all, too ſtrong for either of them,
he thought it fit a little to retire him ;
he fled to fight the better ; this quick policie
fitly divides the brothers, each of them
follows him with a pace more or leſs eager,
as he doth finde himſelf more or leſs hurt :
their heat was equal to purſue his flight,
but their unequal blows did ſeparate
their purſuite: when *Horatius* ſaw them thus
ſcattered one from the other, he return'd,
and thought them more then halfe conquer'd already :
he did expect the firſt, and 'twas your ſon in law,
who all enraged that he ſhould ſtay for him,
in vain did make a great heart to appear,
aſſaulting him, the blood that he had loſt
weakened his ſtrength : *Alba* began to fear
a change of fortune, ſhe cry'd to the ſecond
that he ſhould ayd his Brother ; he made haſt,
and ſpent himſelf in vain attemps for her,
but found his Brother dead when he came up.

Cam. Alas !

Val. Quite out of breath, he tooke his brothers place,

and

and ſoon redoubled *Horatius* Victory;
his courage without ſtrength was a weak prop:
deſirous to revenge his brothers death,
he fell down by him. The air did reſound
with cryes, which all ſent unto heaven upon it;
Alba breath'd ſorrow, and the *Romans* joy.
As our brave *Hero* ſaw his enterpriſe
neer at an end, he would a little vaunt
as well as conquer: I am come (ſaid he)
from ſacrificing two unto the Ghoſts
of my dead brothers: *Rome* ſhall have the laſt
of my three adverſaries, it is unto
her int'reſts that I offer him: This ſaid,
he preſently flew at him; between them
the Victory remain'd not long time doubtful;
the *Alban* pierc'd with wounds, could hardly ſtand,
and as a Victime brought before the Altar,
he ſeemed to preſent his yeelding throat
unto the deadly ſtroak; ſo he receiv'd it.
His death eſtabliſheth the power of *Rome*.

Old Horat. O my Son! O my joy! O honour of
my dayes! O unexpected ſuccour of
a tottering State! O vertue worthy *Rome*,
and blood worthy *Horatius!* Thou ſupport
of thy deer Country, glory of thy race!
When can I ſmother in my cloſe imbracements
the error wherewith I form'd ſuch falſe ſent'ments?
When may my love bath thy victorious front
with tears of joy?

Val. Sir, preſently you may
Uſe your careſſes, the King goes to ſend him
unto you, and deferres untill to morrow
the pompous ſacrifice which we owe to the gods
for ſuch a benefit; onely to day
we pay them but with ſongs of Victory,
and ordinary vows. The King doth lead him
unto the Temple, whilſt he ſendeth mee
to do this office to you both of joy

and grief together: But this is not yet
enough for him, he will come here himself,
perhaps to day; this noble action
so highly toucheth him, that he will thank you
with his own mouth, for giving your brave sons
to the good of his State.

Old Horat. Such high acknowledgments
have too much glory for me; I account
my self already too much paid by yours
for the ones service, and the others blood.

Val. The King can't do an honour (Sir) by halfs;
and his Crown snatched from the enemies hands,
makes him esteem the honour he intends you
beneath the Father's merit, and the Son's.
I'll go to let him know what noble sentiments
Vertue inspires into you, and what ardour
you expresse for his service. *Exit Valerius.*

Old Horat. I shall be very redeonble to you
for that good office.

SCENA III.

The old Horatius, Camilla.

Old Horat. Daughter, this is no fit time to shed tears:
it is not handsome when we see such honours:
We mourn unjustly for domestick losses,
when publick Victories proceed from thence:
Rome triumphs over *Alba*, and that is
enough for us; all our ills at this rate
ought to be sweet unto us; in the death
of a dear Lover, you lose but a man,
whose losse is easie to repair in *Rome*:
after this Victory, there is no Roman
but will be proud to give his hand to you.
I must go to *Sabina* with this news;
this stroak (without doubt) will be grievous to her,

her

her Brothers ſlain all by her Husbands hand,
will give her juſter tears and plaints then you:
But I hope eaſily to diſſipate
the violence thereof, and that a little
diſcretion aſſiſting her great courage,
will make the generous love ſhe owes unto
the Conqueror, reign on ſo noble heart:
In the mean time, ſmother this unbecoming
and poor low paſſion. If he comes, receive him,
and ſhew no weakneſſe; make your ſelf appear
to be his Siſter, and that in one womb
Heaven form'd you both of the ſame blood and ſubſtance.

SCENA IV.

Camilla ſola.

Yes, I will make appear plainly unto him,
that a true Love can brave the Deſtinies,
and cannot take Lawes from thoſe cruell Tyrants,
whom an injurious Star gives us for Parents.
Thou blam'ſt my grief, thou dar'ſt to name it baſe;
ſo much the more I lov't (unpitifull Father)
as the more it offends thee: by a juſt
indeavour I will make it equall to
the rigours of my fortune. Was there ever
ſeen any yet, whoſe rude traverſes took
in ſo ſhort time ſo many ſeverall faces,
that was ſo often ſweet, ſo often cruel,
and gave ſo many various ſtroaks before
the mortall ſtroak! Was ever ſeen a ſoul
more ſeis'd with joy and grief, with hope, and fear;
ſubjected (as a ſlave) to more events,
and made the pitious paſtime of more changes!
An Oracle aſſures me, a Dream frights me,
Battel diſmayes me, and Peace pleaſeth me:
my Marriage is prepar'd, and in a moment
my Lover's choſen forth to fight my Brother.

The two Camps in a mutiny, diſavow'd
ſuch an unjuſt choice, they brake off the partie;
the Gods renew it; Rome ſeems vanquiſhed,
and only of three Albans, *Curiatius*
hath not at all in my blood ſtain'd his hands.
Gods! did I not then feel too little grief
for Rome's misfortune, and two Brothers death?
Flatter'd I not my ſelf too much, when I
thought I might love him yet without a crime,
and nouriſh ſome hope? His death ſcourgeth me
enough for that, and the inhumane manner
wherewith my terrified heart receiv'd
the news thereof: his Rival told it me,
and in my preſence making the recital
of ſo ſad a ſucceſſe, upon his front
he wore an open joy; which griev'd my heart,
and made the publick good leſſe then my loſſe:
So building in the air upon anothers
misfortune, he triumphed over him
like to my Brother. But this is not all,
'tis nothing unto that which doth remain;
In ſuch a fatall ſtroak they ask my joy,
I muſt applaud the Conqueror's exploits,
and kiſſe a hand that pierceth my ſad heart:
in ſo great and ſo juſt a cauſe of plaints
it is a ſhame to weep, a crime to ſigh.
Their bruitiſh vertue would, that (in this caſe)
I ſhould eſteem me happy; ſo with them,
one muſt be barbarous to be generous.
But we'll degenerate (my Heart) from ſuch
a vertuous Father; let us be unworthy
of ſuch a generous Brother: 'Tis a glory
to paſſe for abject ſpirits, when bruitiſhneſſe
is held the higheſt Vertue. My juſt Griefs,
break forth: to what end ſhould I keep you in?
When one hath loſt all, what's more to be fear'd?
Have no reſpect for this inhumane Conqueror:
Far from avoyding of him, come athwart him,

troubl

trouble his Victorie, provoke his anger,
and take (if poſſible) pleaſure to diſpleaſe him.
He comes, prepare we to ſhew conſtantly
what a kind Miſtreſſe owes unto the death
of him ſhe loves.

SCENA V.

Horatius, Camilla, Proculus, and two other Soldiers, carrying each of them a ſword of the Curiatii.

Horat. Siſter, behold the arm that hath reveng'd
our two brave brothers; that hath broke the courſe
of our contrary Deſtinies, that makes us
Maſters of *Alba*; laſtly, ſee the arm
that makes to day the fortune of two States:
Behold theſe marks of honour, theſe fair teſtimonies
of glory, and give what thou ought'ſt unto
the happineſſe of my Victory.

Cam. Receive then
my tears; 'tis that which I do owe unto it.

Horat. *Rome* will ſee none after ſuch high exploits;
and our two brothers ſlain in the misfortune
of arms, are paid enough with blood, there needs
no tears to mingle with it. When the loſſe
is reveng'd, 'tis recovered.

Cam. Since they are
ſatisfi'd by the blood that's ſhed, I'll ceaſe
to mourn more for them, and forget their death,
which your hand hath reveng'd. But who ſhall now
revenge my Lovers, to make me forget
his loſſe too?

Horat. What ſaiſt thou, unfortunate!

Cam. O my dear *Curiatius!*

Horat. Infinite boldneſſe
of an unworthy Siſter! Muſt the name of

a pub-

a publick enemy, whom I have conquered,
be in thy mouth, and his love in thy heart?
Thy criminall heat aſpireth to revenge,
thy mouth demands it, and thy heart longs for it;
follow thy paſſion leſſe, ſtint thy deſires,
make me not bluſh to underſtand thy ſighs;
thy flames henceforth ought to be ſmothered,
baniſh them from thy ſoule, and think upon
my trophies, let them ever be hereafter
thy onely entertainement.

Cam. Give me then
a heart like thine, barbarian. If thou wouldſt
have me to ſpeak my thoughts, reſtore unto me
my *Curiatius*, or leave my flame
to act; my joy and griefs depend upon
his fortune: I ador'd him living, and
I mourne him dead. Seeke not thy ſiſter where
thou left'ſt her; thou ſhalt ſee no more in me
but an offended Love, which like a furie
fix'd to thy ſteps, inceſſantly ſhall haunt thee,
and ſtill reproach thee with his death. Inhumane,
blood thirſty Tiger, that forbid'ſt me teares,
that wouldſt that in his death I ſhould finde charmes,
and that extolling thy exploits to heaven,
I ſhould my ſelf kill him a ſecond time!
May ſuch misfortunes waite upon thy life,
that thou fall'ſt to the point to beare me envie,
and ſullie ſoone by ſome unworthy act
that glory deare to thy brutalitie!

Horat. O heaven! who ever ſaw ſo high a madneſs?
Believ'ſt thou then that I ſhould be inſenſible
of ſuch an outrage, and that I ſhould ſuffer
this foule diſhonour in my blood! Love, love
that death which makes our happineſſe; but preferre
that which thy birth owes to the intereſts
of Rome, before the memory of a man.

Cam. Rome, th' only object of my ſad reſentment!
Rome, unto whom thine arm hath ſacrific'd

my

my Lover! Rome, that gave thee birth, and whom
thou doſt adore! Laſtly, Rome that I hate
becauſe ſhe honours thee! May all her neighbours
conſpire together in a league againſt her,
and ſap her yet unſettled foundations:
and if this of all Italie be not
ſufficient, let the Eaſt joyn with the Weſt
againſt her; let a thouſand ſeverall Nations
(from the ends of the Univerſe) paſſe the ſeas
and mountains to deſtroy her; let her ſelf
orethrow her walls upon her ſelf, and with
her own hands tear her bowels; let the anger
of heaven (by my prayers kindled) make a deluge
of fire to rain upon her; may mine eyes
ſee thoſe brave thunderbolts to fall upon her,
her houſes aſhes, and her laurels duſt;
ſee the laſt Roman breathing his laſt gaſp,
and I the cauſe of this, to die with pleaſure.

Horat. *Putting his hand to his ſword, and following his Siſter, who flies him.*

It is too much, my patience gives place
to reaſon. Go thy wayes to hell, and joyn
thy ſelf there with thy *Curiatius.*

Cam. *Wounded behind the Stage.*

O Traitor!

Horat. *Coming again upon the Stage.*

Such ſudden puniſhment let every one
receive, that dares lament a Roman enemy.

SCENA VI.

Horatius, Proculus.

Proc. What have you done?

Horat. I think, an act of juſtice.
Such a fault ſuch a puniſhment requires.

Proc. You ſhould have us'd her with leſſe rigour, though.

Horat. Tell

Horat. Tell me not that ſhe is my blood, my ſiſter;
my father for his daughter can no more
acknowledg her: Who is ſo bold to curſe
his Country, doth renounce his family;
Thoſe names of love are then no more allow'd him,
he makes his deereſt friends his enemies;
the blood it ſelf arms them in hatred of
his crime, the ſpeedieſt vengeance is the beſt for't.
This impious wiſh, though forceleſſe, is a monſter
that muſt be ſmothered in the birth.

SCENA VII.

Horatius, Sabina, Proculus.

Sab. *Horatius*,
why ſtayeth thy illuſtrious anger here?
come, ſee thy Siſter in thy Fathers arms
render her ſpirit: ſacrifice unto
the Country of the vertuous *Horatii*
the ſad remains of *Curiatius* blood:
So prodigall of thy own, ſpare not theirs,
joyn thy Wife to thy Siſter, ſeparate not
Sabina and *Camilla*; our crimes are
alike, as are our miſeries: I ſigh
as well as ſhee, and do deplore my Brothers;
more guilty in this point 'gainſt thy hard lawes,
in that ſhe wept but one, and I weep three,
and that after her puniſhment my fault
continues.

Horat. Dry thy tears, or hide them from
my ſight, *Sabina*, make thee worthy of
my chaſt half, and endeavour not t' oppreſſe me
with an unworthie pitie: if the power
of a chaſte flame leaveth unto us both
but one thought, and one ſoul, it is thy part
to raiſe thy ſentiments to mine, not mine

to deſcend to the ſhame and poverty
of thine; I love thee, and I know the grief
that preſſeth thee; embrace my noble vertue
to overcome thy weakneſſe, ſhare my glory
in ſtead of ſullying it, put it on rather
then take it from me: And thou of my honour
ſo mortall enemy, how much better ſhould I
have pleaſed thee, if fall'n in infamy?
Be more a Wife then Siſter, and conforming
thy ſelf to me, make thee of my example
a law immutable.

Sab. Seek more perfect ſouls
to imitate thee. I impute not to thee
my loſſes: I have the ſame ſentiments
I ought to have of them, and have a quarrell
to fortune rather then unto thy duty.
But withall, I renounce the *Roman* vertue,
if to poſſeſſe it I muſt be inhumane,
and cannot ſee in me the Conquerours Wife,
without diſcerning there the Siſter of
the Conquered. Let us participate
in publick of the publick Victories;
let us at home weep our domeſtick evils,
and not regard the common happineſſe
when we behold our private miſeries.
Why (cruel) doſt thou covet to act otherwiſe?
Entring, leave here thy Laurels at the door,
mingle thy tears with mine. What? doth not this
effeminate diſcourſe arm thy high vertue
againſt my ſorrowfull dayes? Doth not my crime
(redoubled) move thy choler? O how happie
art thou, *Camilla*! She could ſoon diſpleaſe thee,
and receive from thee what ſhe did pretend:
ſhe could below recover all her loſſe.
Dear Husband, of the torment that doth preſſe me
dear author, if thy anger ceaſes, hearken
to pitie; exerciſe the one or th' other
to puniſh my infirmitie, or end

my griefs. I ask death either for a favour,
or for a puniſhment (I care not whether.)
Let her be an effect of Love, or Juſtice,
it matters not; all her darts ſhall ſeem ſweet
unto me, if I ſee them to come from
a Husbands hand.

Horat. What an injuſtice is it
unto the Gods, to give up unto women
ſo great an Empire on the faireſt ſouls,
and to be pleas'd to ſee ſuch feeble Conquerours
to reigne ſo ſtrongly o'r the nobleſt hearts?
My Vertue, unto what point doſt thou come
to be reduc'd? Nothing can better warrant it
then fight. Adieu, follow me not, or hold
thy ſighs. ——*Exit Horatius.*

Sab. alone. O Anger! Pitie! deaf to my deſires!
You care not for my crime, and my grief tires you;
and I obtain from you nor puniſhment
nor favour. Well, once more by tears I'll try,
and if that fail, then by my ſelf I'll die.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

The old Horatius, Horatius.

Old Horat. LEt us withdraw our looks from that ſad object,
to admire here the judgment of the Gods:
When glory puffs us up, they can confound
our pride; (our ſweeteſt pleaſures come not to us
without ſome ſorrow) oftentimes they mingle
infirmities with our Vertues, and grant ſeldom
the entire honour of a glorious Action

to our ambition; I mourn not *Camilla*,
ſhe was a criminal; I lament my ſelf,
and thee too more then ſhe: I for producing
unto the light a heart ſolittle Roman,
thou for diſhonouring by her death thy hand.
I find it not unjuſt, nor yet too quick;
but (Son) thou mightſt have ſpar'd thy ſelf the ſhame on't:
her crime, though great, and worthy death, were better
unpuniſhed, then puniſh'd by thy arm.

Horat. Diſpoſe my fortune as you pleaſe; the laws
command it ſo: I thought I ow'd this ſtroak
unto the place that gave me my firſt being.
If my zeal to my Country ſeemeth criminall
unto you, if thereby I muſt receive
an everlaſting ſtaine, and by this action
my hand become diſgraced and prophane,
you can with one ſole word cut off my deſtinie.
Receive your blood again, whoſe purity
my baſeneſſe hath unto ſo little purpoſe
defiled: My hand could not ſuffer crime
grow in our race; ſuffer you not a ſpot
in your own houſe: 'Tis in thoſe actions
(wherewith honour is wounded) that a father,
ſuch as you are, ſhewes himſelf intereſted.
His love muſt not appear, where all excuſe
is null; himſelf takes part when he diſſembles them:
and he makes ſmall account of his own glory,
when he forbears to puniſh what he doth not
approve.

Old Horat. He is not alwayes rigorous,
but ſpares his children often for himſelf;
his old age doth delight to lean upon them;
and puniſheth them not, to th' end he may not
puniſh himſelf. I look upon thee with
another eye then thou behold'ſt thy ſelf.
I know—— But the King comes, I ſee his Guards.

SCENA II.

Tullus, The old Horatius, Valerius, Horatius, The Companie of the Guards.

Old Horat. Oh Sir, this is too great an honour for me,
I ſhould not ſee my King in this poor place.
Suffer me on my knees——
Tull. No, Father, riſe;
I do but what a good Prince ought to do:
ſo rare a ſervice, and of ſuch importance,
requires the rar'ſt and moſt illuſtrious honour:
you had for pawn thereof his word already,
I could no longer have deferred it.
I know by his report (which I ne'r doubted)
how brave and like your ſelf you bear the death
of your two ſons, and that your ſoul already
being reſolv'd, my conſolation
would be ſuperfluous: but I come to know
what ſtrange misfortune hath follow'd the vertue
of your victorious Son, and how it comes,
that his too much love for the publick cauſe
hath tane an onely daughter from his father
by his own hands: I know what ſuch a ſtroak
can do upon the ſtrongeſt ſpirit, and doubt
how you may bear this death.
Old Horat. Sir, with diſpleaſure,
but yet with patience,
Tull. 'Tis plain, this is
the vertuous effect of your experience:
Many have taught by a long file of years,
as well as you, that miſeries ſucceed
the ſweeteſt happineſſe; few know like you
t' apply this remedie, and all their Vertue
yeelds to their Intereſt. If my compaſſion
can eaſe your ſorrow, know that 'tis extreme,

as

as is your evill, and that *Tullus* laments you
as much as he doth love you.

Val. Sir, ſince Heaven
doth put its juſtice in the hands of Kings,
and the force of the lawes; and ſince the State
asketh rewards for vertues, and ſtrict puniſhments
for crimes, of lawfull Princes; ſuffer that
a juſt occaſion make you to remember,
that you lament too much what you ſhould puniſh:
Suffer ——

Old Horat. What! that we ſend a Conqueror
to puniſhment?

Tull. Allow him leave to finiſh,
and I'll do juſtice; I am bound to render it
to all, at all hours, and in every place:
it is by it that a King makes himſelf
a demi-God: and hence is't that I pitie you,
that after ſuch a ſervice, againſt him
they ſhould demand me juſtice.

Val. Suffer then,
O great King, and the juſteſt of all Kings,
that all good men ſpeak to you by my mouth:
not that our hearts, as jealous of his honours,
urge us to this; if he receiveth much,
his high deeds do deſerve it; add unto it,
rather then leſſen it; we are alſo ready
to contribute unto it: but ſince he
hath ſhew'd himſelf guilty of ſuch a crime,
let him triumph as Conquerour, and periſh
as malefactor: ſtop his fury, and
ſave from his hands, if you deſire to reigne,
the remnant of the Romans: hereupon
depends the loſſe or ſafety of the reſt;
ſeeing the blood ſhed by this fatall Warr,
and ſo many fair knots of marriage
wherewith our happy deſtinies have ſo often
united ſuch neer nighbours, few of us
have enjoy'd ſuch a happineſſe, as not

T' have loſt a Coſen, or a brother in law,
an uncle, or a ſon in law in *Alba*,
whereby to have occaſion to ſhed tears
for their own loſſes in the publick joy:
If it be an offence to *Rome*, and that
the fortune of his arms alloweth him
to puniſh this crime of our tears, what blood
will this fierce Conqu'ror ſpare, that would not pardon
that of his Siſter, nor excuſe the grief
which the death of a Lover doth infuſe
into a Miſtreſſe heart, when ready to be
lighted by the fair nuptiall Torch, ſhe ſees
her hope i' th' grave with him? Making *Rome* thus
to triumph, he enſlaves it: by this means
he hath a right of life and death upon us,
and our offending dayes ſhall laſt no longer
then it ſhall pleaſe his clemency to ſuffer them.
I could add, for the intereſts of *Rome*,
that ſuch a ſtroak's unworthy of a man:
I could demand, to be brought here before you
that rare exploit of a victorious arme;
you ſhould ſee then a fair blood (to accuſe
his rage) retort into his cruel face:
you ſhould behold horrours which cannot be
conceiv'd; her age and beauty (ſure) would move you;
but I hate thoſe means that ſhow artifice.
You have deferr'd the ſacrifice till to morrow;
Think you that the juſt Gods (ſtil'd the revengers
of Innocents) will receive inconſe from
a parricide hand? This ſacriledg would draw
their puniſhment upon you. Look upon him
but as an object of their hate, believe
(with us) that the good deſtinie of *Rome*
in all theſe three fights did more then his arm,
ſince theſe ſame Gods (the Authors of his Victory)
permitted that he ſuddenly ſhould fully
the glory of it; and that ſuch a courage,
after ſo brave an Act, ſhould in one day

be

be worthy of a Triumph, and of Death.
It reſts (Sir) that your Sentence decide this:
Rome never ſaw a parricide till now.
Fear what may follow, and Heaven's anger; ſave us
from his unnaturall hand, and fear the Gods.

Tull. Defend your ſelf, *Horatius.*

Horat. To what purpoſe
ſhall I defend me? Sir, you know the action,
as being told it now: what you think of it
muſt be a law to me. One ill defends
himſelf againſt th' opinion of a King:
and th' innocenteſt ſoul that e'r was born
is guiltie, if he judg him to be ſo:
It is a crime t' excuſe himſelf unto him.
Our blood's his goods, he can diſpoſe thereof;
and we muſt think, that when he doth do ſo,
he deprives not himſelf without juſt cauſe.
Then (Sir) pronounce, I'm ready to obey.
Others love life, and I am bound to hate it.
I reproach not *Valerius* heat, which makes him,
loving the Siſter, to accuſe the Brother:
my wiſhes at this time conſpire with his:
he asks my death, 'tis that which I deſire:
We differ onely in this point, that I
ſeek to conſerve my honour in't, and he
to periſh it. Sir, ſeldome is a ſubject
offer'd to ſhew the vertue of a great
and noble heart complete: according to
occaſion, it acts or more or leſſe,
and appears ſtrong or weak unto the eyes
of thoſe that are her witneſſes: The people,
that onely looks upon the outſide, judgeth
its force by its effects, and dares to think,
by an ill maxime, that who doth a miracle,
muſt do it ſtill: After a complete action,
high and illuſtrious, what glitters leſſe
ill anſwereth their expectation:
they would have us to be all times alike,

and

and in all places : they examine not
if one could better do then, nor that, if
they ſee not ſtill a wonder, the occaſion
is leſſe, and Vertue equall : Their injuſtice
deſtroyes great names ; the honour of the firſt
attchievements is forgotten by the ſecond :
and when renown is paſs'd beyond the mean,
if we'll not fall thence, we muſt act no more.
I will not boaſt th' exploits (Sir) of my arm,
your Majeſtie hath ſeen my three encounters ;
hardly again ſhall I meet any ſuch,
nor e'r the like occaſion will be
to ſhew my courage, and crown the ſucceſſe ;
ſo that to leave here an illuſtrious memory,
death onely now can keep alive my glory,
and I muſt have it too as ſoon as I
have conquer'd ; for I have outliv'd my honour :
Such one as I beholds his glory periſh'd,
when he falls into any ignominie :
and my hand would have freed me on't already,
if my bloud durſt come forth without your leave :
as it belongs to you, you muſt diſpoſe on't ;
to ſhed it otherwiſe, is to rob you of it.
Rome wants not ſtore of generous warriours ;
enough beſides me will ſuſtaine your Laurels ;
henceforward let your Majeſtie diſpenſe
with me herein. And if what I have done
deſerves a recompence, permit, great King,
that with this conquering arm I ſacrifice
me to my Glory, not my Siſters cryes.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Tullus, Valerius, The old Horatius, Horatius, Sabina, Julia.

Sab. Sir, hear *Sabina*, and ſee in her ſoul
the ſorrows of a Siſter and a Wife,
who (wholly deſolate) at your ſacred feet
laments her Family, and fears her Husband.
It is not that I would by any artifice
endeavour to take out o' th' hand of Juſtice
a guilty perſon; Whatſoever he
hath done for you, uſe him as ſuch a one;
and puniſh (Sir) in me this noble Criminall:
with my unfortunate blood waſh off his crime.
You ſhall not change your Victime for all that,
nor ſhall you herein take an unjuſt pitie,
but ſacrifice the deareſt moity of him.
The knots of marriage, and his extreme love
makes him live more in me, then in himſelf;
and if you grant that I ſhall die to day,
he will die more in me then in himſelf:
the death which I beg, and would fain obtain,
will raiſe his puniſhment, and finiſh mine.
See the exceſſe (Sir) of my ſad afflictions,
and the deplorable condition
whereto I am reduc'd: What horrour is it
t' embrace a man whoſe ſword hath cut the thred off
of all my family? and what impiety
to hate a Husband for his ſervice to you,
his Country, and his Friends? What? ſhall I love
an arm ſtain'd with the blood of all my Brothers?
Shall I not love an Husband that doth put
a period to our common miſeries?
O (Sir) deliver me by an happy death
both from the crimes of loving, and not loving.

I ſhall eſteem that Sentence a great favour:
My hand can give me what I crave of you,
but this death ſhall be much more ſweet unto me,
if I can free my Husband from his ſhame,
and by my bloud appeaſe the anger of
the Gods, in dying ſatisfie the Ghoſt
of his offended Siſter, and conſerve
to *Rome* ſo good and glorious a Defender.

Old Horat. Sir, it concerns me then to give an anſwer
unto *Valerius*; I ſee my children
conſpire with him againſt me, and all three
would ruine me: they arm themſelves unjuſtly
againſt that little blood's left in my houſe.
Thou that by griefs (contrary to thy duty)
would'ſt leave thy Husband to go to thy Brothers,
go rather to conſult their generous Ghoſts.
'Tis true, they are dead; but they dy'd for *Alba*,
and hold them happy in't, ſince Heav'n would have it,
ſhe ſhould be ſubject: if that any ſentiment
remaineth after life loſt, this misfortune
ſeems leſſe, and its ſtroaks not ſo rigorous,
ſince all the honour of it falls on us.
All three will diſapprove thy grief, thy tears
and ſighs, they will condemn the horrour which
thou haſt of a brave Husband. Be their Siſter
(*Sabina*) and obſerve thy duty like them.
Valerius in vain lifts up himſelf
'gainſt this dear Husband: a firſt motion
was never held a crime; and praiſe is due,
in ſtead of puniſhment, when Vertue onely
produceth this firſt motion. To love
our enemies even with idolatry,
madly to curſe the Country for their death,
to wiſh the State an everlaſting ruine,
is that which we name crime, and that which he
hath puniſhed; the onely love of *Rome*
provok'd his arm: He ſhould be innocent,
if he had lov'd her leſſe. What have I ſaid, Sir?

he is ſo, and this my paternall arm
had puniſh'd him already, were he guilty;
I would have better uſed the full power
I have upon him by the lawes of birth.
I love honour too well, and am not of
a quality to ſuffer in my blood
affront or crime: of this I do deſire
no other witneſſe but *Valerius*;
he ſaw what rigorous entertainment I
prepar'd to give my Son, when ignorant
as yet of half the combat, I believ'd
that by his flight he had betray'd the State.
What makes him ſo officiouſly to trouble
himſelf with the cares of my Family?
What makes him to deſire (in ſpight of me)
to vindicate my daughter? By what reaſon
in her juſt death takes he an intereſt
a father doth not meddle with? He fears,
that after this ſeverity to his Siſter,
he'll not ſpare others. Sir, we have no part
but in the ſhame of ours, and in what manner
another may act, what concerns us not
makes us not bluſh. *Valerius*, thou maiſt weep,
and in *Horatius* ſight; he takes no intereſt
but in the crimes of his race; who is not of
his blood, can do no injury unto
th' immortall Lawrels that impale his brow.
Ye Lawrels, ſacred boughs, which envie would
reduce to duſt, you that conſerve his head
from the confounding thunder, will you leave him
unto the infamous Ax, that makes offenders
fall underneath the executioners hands?
Romans, will you permit that they ſhould ſacrifice
a man, without whom *Rome* had not been *Rome*
at this time, and that any *Roman* ſhould
traduce the glory of a Conquerour,
to whom all owe ſo fair a character?
Tell us, *Valerius*, tell, ſince he muſt periſh,

where thou wouldſt chuſe fit a place for his puniſhment.
Is it within theſe walls, which many thouſands
of voyces make reſound yet with the noiſe
of his exploits? Is it without the walls,
in the midſt of thoſe places which ſmoak yet
with the blood of the conquer'd *Curiatii*,
between their three tombs, in that field of honour,
the witneſſe of his valour and our happineſſe?
Thou canſt not from his Victory conceal
his Puniſhment: within the walls, without them
all ſpeak his glory; all oppoſe themſelves
to the indeavour of thy unjuſt love,
which would with ſuch a glorious blood defile
ſo fair a day. *Alba* cannot endure
ſo ſad a ſpectacle, and *Rome* with her tears
will put an obſtacle to't. But (Royall Sir)
you will prevent them, and by a juſt ſentence
you can embrace her intereſt much better:
What he hath done for her, he can yet do;
he can ſecure her ſtill from adverſe fortune:
deſpair not yet (Sir) of my feeble years.
Rome now hath ſeen me father of four children,
three in her quarrell are already dead,
there is but one left me; keep him for her,
remove not from her walls ſo ſtrong a prop;
and ſuffer me t' addreſſe my ſelf unto him,
to make an end. *Horatius*, do not think
the ſtupid people ſhould be abſolute maſters
of a ſubſtantiall honour; their vain voice
tumultuous enough makes often noiſe:
but as a moment raiſeth it, a moment
deſtroyes it; and whatever they contribute
to our renown, i' th' twinkling of an eye
it vaniſheth to ſmoak: It doth belong
to Kings, to great ones, to accompliſh'd ſpirits
to ſee that Vertue in its leaſt effects
be full; it is from them alone that we
receive true glory, they alone aſſure

the

the memory of the true Heroes, live
ſtill in *Horatius*, and ſtill after them.
Thy name ſhall remain great, illuſtrious, famous,
though the occaſion, leſſe high or reſplendent,
deceives the unjuſt expectation
of th' ignorant vulgar. Hate then life no more;
at leaſt live for me, and to ſerve thy King
and Country longer. Sir, I've ſaid too much;
but th' affair concerns you, and all *Rome*
ſpeaks by my mouth.

Val. Sir, ſuffer me ——

Tull. *Valerius*,
it is enough, your ſound diſcourſe by theirs
is not defac'd: I keep yet in my ſpirit
the preſſing'ſt reaſons on't, and all your arguments
are preſent with me ſtill: this hainous action
(almoſt before our eyes) doth injure nature,
and even wounds the Gods. A ſudden motion
of anger, that produceth ſuch a crime,
cannot excuſe him lawfully; the Lawes
that are the leaſt ſevere condemn the act,
and if we follow them, he's worthy death:
If otherwiſe we will look on the guilty,
this crime, though great, hainous and inexcuſable,
proceeds from the ſame ſword and arm that makes me
now Maſter of two States: Two Scepters in
my hand, and *Alba* ſubject unto *Rome*,
ſpeak highly in the favour of his life.
Had it not been for him, I ſhould have yeelded
obedience, whereas now I give forth lawes;
and ſhould be ſubject, whereas now I am
twice Soveraigne. There are in all the Provinces
many good ſubjects, that by feeble prayers
only acquit themſelves toward their Princes:
all can love them, but all cannot aſſure
their States by ſome illuſtrious actions;
and th' art and power to eſtabliſh Crowns
are gifts which heav'n gives but to ſome choice perſons:

ſuch

ſuch ſervants are the wealth and ſtrength of Kings,
and alſo are to be above the Lawes;
let them be ſilent then, let *Rome* diſſemble
what from her birth ſhe ſees in *Romulus*;
She can well ſuffer in her Liberator,
what ſhe hath ſuffered in her firſt Authour.
Live then *Horatius*, live magnanimous ſouldier,
thy Vertue ſets thy glory 'bove thy crime,
Its generous heat produced thy offence;
th' effect of ſuch a fair cauſe muſt be ſuffer'd.
Live to doe ſervice to the State, but love
Valerius; let not any hate nor anger
remain between you, and whether he follow'd
or love, or duty, without any ſentiment
reſolve to ſee him. Hearken leſſe (*Sabina*)
unto the grief that preſſeth you; remove
from this great heart thoſe marks of imbecilitie:
in drying of your tears, you'l ſhew your ſelf
true Siſter of thoſe Brothers you lament.
But we do owe to morrow to the Gods
a ſacrifice, and ſhould have heaven but little
propitious to us, if our Prieſts before
the action, finde not out the means to purge it.
His father ſhall take care on't, I believe,
it will not be hard for him to appeaſe
Camilla's Ghoſt. I do deplore her fortune,
and to give to it what her amorous ſpirit
may happily deſire, (ſince in one day
an equall heat of one and the ſame zeal
finiſh'd her Lovers deſtinie and hers)
it is our will that one day, as a witneſſe
of their two deaths, may ſee in the earth's wombe
their bodies laid, and ſhut up in one tombe.

The King riſeth, and all follow him but Julia.

Jul. *Camilla*, thus heaven well advertis'd thee
what tragicall events were to ſucceed;
but alwayes it conceals a part o' th' ſecret
even from the moſt refin'd and cleareſt ſpirits.

It

It ſeem'd to ſpeak of thy approaching marriage,
it ſeem'd to promiſe all things to thy prayers;
and hiding ſo from us thy ſudden death,
it's voyce too truly hath deceiv'd our ſenſe.

Thy pray'rs are heard, Alba *and* Rome *ſhall be*
to morrow in a fair Confederacie;
And thou with Curiatius *ſhalt be joyn'd,*
never to part: So have the Gods enjoyn'd.

FINIS.